

## THE WIDE-AWAKE CIRCLE

### Boys and Girls Department

**Rules for Young Writers.**  
1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.  
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.  
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.  
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.  
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.  
Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are—Be that;  
Whatever you say—Be true.  
Straightforwardly act,  
Be honest—in fact,  
Be nobody else but you."

### POETRY.

#### Climbing.

O, once there was a kitten,  
Tom Henry was his name,  
And here you see him sittin'  
Before he hid for shame.

Somewhere he'd heard or read it,  
"Climb upward! Do not stop!"  
And greatly he was excited,  
Resolved to reach the top.

And so he climbed and clambered,  
Nor downward looked at all,  
While foes beneath him yammered  
And hoped to see him fall.

Up, up, he crept, undaunted,  
And at the top he found  
The things he loved and wanted  
Were somewhere on the ground.

Advice may lurk in laughter,  
Remember, ere you climb,  
That sometimes what you're after  
Is near you all the time.

—Frederick White.

John Paul Jones.  
Tell us a story, grandpa, dear—  
A story of long ago;  
Of Washington or Lafayette,  
Or Jones or Rochambeau.

All right; just sit upon my knees  
And listen close, and then  
I'll tell you of the young Paul Jones,  
The noblest of all brave men.

In the dark days of seventy-nine,  
When near all hope was lost,  
He sailed on the Bon Homme Richard  
Along the English coast.

His prizes were rich and many;  
The good ship was ever feared  
By foes of brave George Washington,  
So honored and revered.

For weeks he sailed the English seas,  
Threatening coastwise ports,  
Till he one autumn afternoon  
Spied two English consorts.

Paul Jones engaged the Serapis,  
While Captain Landais fled,  
Leaving the valiant sailor there  
Among the dying and dead.

The two ships clutched like living things,  
While the moon shed silver light;  
For hours cutlass, pike and gun  
Kept up the ghastly fight.

Then Pearson, with his own right hand,  
Tore down the British Lion,  
And both ships sank into the deep  
To stay there for all time.

All honor to this brave young man;  
Proclaim in loud tones!  
No eulogy too great for him—  
The valiant John Paul Jones!

—Philip.

**UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.**

Uncle Jed is getting interested in the Wide-Awakes who do things, and he notices that their number is increasing, and the other Wide-Awakes must have noticed that they are winning books.

The weekly distribution of books may not be perfectly satisfactory to all of the Wide-Awakes; neither is it perfectly satisfactory to Uncle Jed. The youngest writers cannot compete with the oldest writers, so we necessarily have several competing groups, and confidentially Uncle Jed would say that there doesn't seem to him, always, books enough to go around.

It should be remembered that the

letters appear in their turn, unless there is a good reason for their omission. One good reason for some delays is that we do not want to have bright writers winning books every week, for that looks too much like favoritism, so good and winning letters are sometimes held up for a week or two.

If any letter has failed to appear it may have been lost, or there may have been other causes. Uncle Jed does not feel obliged to state why letters are not used—in fact, he always declines to do so.

Those who do not like the rules are not compelled to abide them, for they can withdraw without a single objection being raised. We are all going to have the utmost freedom and no friction.

Those who persist in writing are sure in the end to win.

### LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Anna Duryea of Scotland: I thank you very much for my beautiful prize book, "The Little Professor." I wish all the writers success.

Charles S. Hart of Hope, R. I.: I received the book you sent me. I am pleased with it. I thank you very much for it.

### WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1—J. R. Bigelow of Norwich, "A Child's Garden of Verses," by L. R. Stevenson.

2—Agnes Aberg of Taftville, "Esther," by Rose N. Carey.

3—Frederick Erlbeck of Norwich, "Black Beauty," by Anna Sewall.

4—Lucy A. Carter of Scotland, "Robinson Crusoe," by Daniel Defoe.

5—Floyd S. Bailey of Colchester, "Black Beauty," by Anna Sewall.

6—Howard Maynard of Lyme, "Swiss Family Robinson."

7—Alice Partridge of Jewett City, "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland."

8—Martha Muench of Poquetanuck, "Animal Stories for Little Folks."

Winners of books living in the city may call for them at the Bulletin business office at any hour after 10 a. m. Thursday morning.

### STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

#### My Visit to Centerville.

A week ago last Friday night I went down to Centerville. I went on the 4:30 o'clock train. I got to Centerville about 4 o'clock.

I went to see my friend, Harry Cookson. He lives one-half a mile from the depot. It was quite dark when I got to his house. After we ate our supper Harry and I went to Arctic Center. We went after some things for his mother. We looked around the stores before we came home. It was 8 o'clock when we got home.

Saturday morning we could not go outdoors and play very much, because it rained.

After dinner we went up to Arctic Center to get some things for my mother. About 6:45 o'clock at night we went to the moving pictures. We sat way up in the gallery. I like to sit up there. It was 9 o'clock when we got home.

Sunday morning I had to come home. I came home on the 10 o'clock train. My father was at the depot, so I got a ride home. I had a very good time.

ELMER BURBANK, Age 14.

#### Honesty the Best Policy.

Mary was four years old. One day her mother sent her to the store and told her to get a pound of the cheapest butter for they were very poor.

When Mary was on the way back she found a roll of money which she called "pretty paper."

Her mother was astonished to see so much money. She counted it and found there was five hundred dollars.

She kept watch of the papers, and found an advertisement saying, "Lost—A large sum of money. Return to 49 May avenue."

Mary and her mother, dressed in their best and went to see the woman. The woman was so happy to find honest people she gave them the five hundred dollars.

HELEN NICHOLS, Age 12.

#### Candies.

It was not until the fourteenth cen-

tury that candles having any resemblance to those now in use were manufactured.

Before that time our English ancestors soaked splints of wood in fat, or oil, to obtain their light.

The candles used by the Greeks and Romans were made of tallow, made by dipping strips of papyrus (an Egyptian plant) and the paper made from it) or into pitch and then coating them with wax.

A dipped candle made from tallow was introduced in England in the fourteenth century, and wax candles were also made at that time.

The candles were very costly and were considered as great luxuries.

In 1343 the composer of the manufacture of wax candles was incorporated in London. Mold candles are said to be the invention of the Sieur Le Brez of Paris.

AGNES ABERG, Age 12.

#### Little Lame Joe.

Little Joe was out walking with his mother. He was lame and could not walk very good without crutches.

He thought he would like to try walking without the crutches. He hobble along very slowly and carefully, it was such hard work for him.

Several children came running and skipping along. They seemed very happy.

How Joe wished he could do as they did.

All the children stared at Joe's poor twisted legs, and poor Joe felt very sad. The tears were in his eyes as he hobbled back to his mother.

When the children saw his eyes full of tears they felt sorry to think they had been so rude.

JAMES MURPHY, Age 12.

#### The Little Lame Girl.

Once there was a little lame girl whose name was Elsie.

She would sit by the window and watch the people going up and down the street.

Her mother worked in the mill and her sister took care of her.

One day as Elsie was looking out of the window she saw her little playmate coming up the street, and she was glad that Edith was coming to play with her.

She had a book and she was glad because she thought Elsie did not have any. Soon she came tripping up the doorstep, then she knocked at the door and Elsie's sister let her in.

She went in the room where Elsie was sitting and said:

"Hello, Elsie! I have come to play with you."

"Oh, I am so glad you came!" said Elsie.

Then Edith took her coat and hat off and they both went to playing.

Edith said she only could stay one hour, and how sad her sister did get.

Soon Edith had to go home, as she was a good girl and always tried to mind her mother.

Elsie was sorry, but the next day Edith came again and they had just as good a time.

BERNICE L. GREEN, Age 9.

#### The Helper.

On a mountain there once lived a giant.

He was very strong and powerful, and did not like anyone.

One day there was a little girl wandering about and she happened to come upon the giant's house. She was very hungry. Not knowing who lived there, she went in to find out.

The giant saw her and said:

"What business have you here?"

"I came to see who lived here. I thought they might give me something to eat," said the little girl, timidly. "I am very hungry."

It was strange to say the giant felt sorry for the little girl; so he gave her something to eat. He took a big basket and filled it with fruit.

Then, to make the child home first, then bring her back with the basket empty and I will fill it with food."

Thomas did as directed.

When the mother saw her child she kissed her.

The child told her story of what had happened and she said she must go back to the giant as he had told her. The giant loved this little child. He supplied them with what they needed and the child and her mother lived comfortably. The girl went to see the giant every day. The giant was a great helper.

VERA BLAKE.

#### My First Trout.

In spring my father and my brother, mother and I go out to a brook that my father leaves yet.

My father asked my mother if she wanted to go and she said "Yes."

When we got up there I could hardly wait to have my father fix my line.

grow and thrive by themselves. She lays from 50 to 100 eggs, but deposits them so that when young they live in groups, but they soon follow the hermit life and never appear to be aware that they ever had any brothers or sisters.

When it is time to fly they get together under the same natural law which declares that "birds of a feather flock together."

If the birds cannot eat him the flies can sting him and put eggs in his body to bring forth parasites to feed upon him; but that is another story.

And woolly bear was here before Columbus discovered America, and is a thoroughly American without a single flaw in his title, for do you know these woolly caterpillars are believed to have been here before the glacial period, and perhaps before man was; and that is so far back that no man can count the years, so if you call woolly bear "old fellow" you will be in no danger of hurting his feelings.

When he got it fixed I went over to a little bridge that was put across the brook and threw my line in, and waited for a bite. All of a sudden I felt something, so I gave my line a pull and I had a trout fast, so I landed him feeling very proud.

L. R. BIGELOW, Age 9.

#### The Story of Three Children.

In a lonely country there lived a man and his wife. They had three children, two of whom were girls and the other a boy. Their names were Harry, Emma and Ruth.

One evening their father came home telling them he had bought a place in Rhode Island, and where they were going was on a farm.

This pleased them all very much. Of course they had to hurry because they were going to be out of there in two weeks.

At last the two weeks came to an end and they went to their new home. Their father was rich and you may be sure they had some nice things there.

All the children had a calf of their very own, and each had a pony. They also had three brothers.

One day their father told them to go to the barn with him, and what should they see but two white angora goats. They bought a little harness and had a cart in which rode Harry and Ruth, while Emma walked along by their side.

The children had many happy times with their goats.

Emma would pick flowers and give them to Ruth.

Soon they had to go to school, but not very long for it soon became vacation.

The goats' names were Dottie and Dick.

Sometimes Ruth and Emma rode and Harry would walk. They were all very happy ever after.

ALICE G. HILL, Age 11.

#### A Story of Jimmy.

Once there was a little boy; his name was Jimmy. His sister and brother were big and he was the pet of the family.

What do you think he did? One day it was rainy and he was very lonely and he kept teasing and teasing his mother to go out, so his mother said: "You may go out for half an hour."

He was pleased to go out, but before he went out his mother said: "Now Jimmy, don't play in the mud."

He said he would not, but the first thing he did was to make a dam of mud, and he kept teasing and teasing his mother to go out, so his mother said: "You may go out for half an hour."

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cows, horses, hens, chickens, a dog and three cats.

I have two brothers and one sister. Their names are Steve, Joseph and Mary. Steve is four years old, Joseph is two years old and Mary is six months old.

We had a lovely Christmas tree at the church.

I am in the third grade. I go to school every day. I study reading, writing, arithmetic and geography.

We have three brothers in our school. We have 18 children in our school.

LOUISE KONAROVICS, Age 8.

#### He Wants to Be Eyes.

Dear Uncle Jed: Just imagine how disappointed I was when I woke this morning to find snow enough on the ground to make sliding, and I am almost sick with a hard cold.

I have spent some of the time reading the letters in the Wide Awake.

I like your talk to the Wide Awakes. I want to be "Eyes" and see all the pretty things that I can and get the cream of life.

I go to the Central district school and I am in the fourth grade.

We have seven bananas and they are laying three eggs a day.

We have three cats and one of them is a great cat. Her name is Fernie.

We have pine trees in our yard and this morning they looked like great big Christmas trees.

FLOYD T. BAILEY, Age 10.

#### Harold's Pigeons.

Dear Uncle Jed: I have four pigeons, one white, two blue and one spotted with blue, white and brown. One pair had and the last of the year. They hatched the other day.

I have just begun to raise pigeons and think a good deal of them. I have got two houses that I made this year. My pigeons' names are Snowy, Dicky, Mary and Baby. When they first hatch they are as yellow as gold.

I made a trap to catch any other pigeons that might come. I made a wooden frame, and fixed a trapdoor on it. Then I covered it with wire netting. This summer I am going to build a large house and keep fifty or sixty pigeons.

My grandfather showed me how to make my houses. My grandfather is eighty-four years of age, but is quite smart for his age.

I am going to tell you about my hen, her name is Speckle. She is five years old. She is black and white and also very tame.

I found one morning that one egg was hard, but still I heard something peep inside of it. I took it into the house and my mother broke it and in about an hour a little chicken came in.

I have another pet, a cat. She is yellow and white. She is very large and weighs about seven pounds. She catches many rats and mice.

HAROLD MAYNARD, Age 13.

#### Lives in the City Now.

Dear Uncle Jed: I have moved since I wrote you last. I am not in the country, but in the city of Westbrook. I like living in the city. The school is not far from the house. The depot is at the end of the street. For Christmas I got two books, three dolls, a pair of gloves and a game, pocket comb, a bank and one dollar.

We have a hill one side of our house. I like to coast down that hill because it is steep. Sometimes we go down the hill across the railroad track.

CECIL E. RAND.

#### Six Little Puppies.

Dear Uncle Jed: Sunday was a very pleasant day, so I went to church and to my friends and to the school. And there I saw six little puppies.

They were as big as rats. They were so cunning, and made such a funny little noise.

My friend's brother and his friend owned the mother dog, for they both loved her together, when they were away to work.

The mother dog's name is Fluff. Fluff is a yellowish brown. Her little ones are black, white, brown and clear black